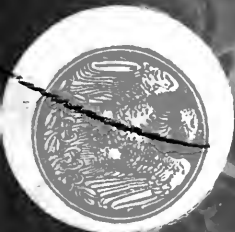


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SARAH PRESTON, AMY OLIVER  
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HICKS AT COLLEGE

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

SARA PRESTON, AMY OLIVER

AND

RALPH E. DYAR

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

PS635  
Z9784

*Presented by the Senior Class of the University of Minnesota.*

HIRAM HICKS, The Braino Man..... Frederic D. Calhoun  
TOM HORTON, who writes Advertisements ..... William R. Wells  
FRITZ JORDAN, Horton's chum who plays basket ball, Nathan Blackburn  
ADAM BIDDICUT, Professor in Northern University. . Herbert Dewart  
DEAN SMILEY, Dean of the College of Arts in Northern University,  
Edward F. Swenson  
PERCY ROBBINS, a recent arrival from "deah Boston".... Ralph Dyar  
ADOLPH HOPKINS, a lazy boy..... Harry Miller  
BASTIAN BRIGGS, a dig ..... Arnold Frye  
JOSH ANDERSON, a basket ball enthusiast..... Claude Randall  
CHARLIE PADLET, reporter for the "Daily Shriek," Heibert Woodward  
PETER, the popular proprietor of "The Pal"..... Charles Murphy  
WALKER, manager for the Braino Man.... Dana Easton  
JUNE GRANT, } Seniors, chums, and interested res- Sara Preston  
POLLY PORTER, } pectively in Horton and Jordan, Florence Hofflin  
CLAIRE ANGELINE JONES, a stage struck girl..... Katherine DeVeau  
SUSY SPRIGGINS, a freshman with a crush..... Inez Applebee  
DAISY ARMSTRONG, an athletic girl..... Rose Marie Schaller  
FLUFF FINLEY, a fusser girl..... Grace Smith  
FLORA BELLE DELAMARTYR, waitress at "The Pal,"... Marjorie Vance  
MRS. COBB, housekeeper at "The Quarters"..... Sabra Swenson  
LILY, maid at "The Quarters"..... Ethel Spooner

Bill posters, Newsboys, Members of Team, etc.

SCENE—Northern University, a coeducational college.

Play presented under direction of Miss Grace Garrish and A. B. Kachel.  
For the class—Jacob Wilk, Business manager; Frank S. Lyon, Assistant.

NOTICE.—The professional acting rights of this play are reserved by the publishers, from whom written permission must be obtained before performance. All persons giving unauthorized productions will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. This notice does not apply to amateurs, who may perform the play without permission.

# HICKS AT COLLEGE.

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## ACT I.

SCENE—*The Palace of Sweets, familiarly known as "The Pal;" the meeting place of town and college.*

TIME—*Morning, three days before the championship game.*

*Discovered at rise—Tom and boys down left; girls down right.*

*[Yell given as curtain rises.]*

"Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah.

Rah, rah, rah,—Northern!

PETERS. *[Hurries down c.]* Stop, Stop, Stop! You skoll take roof off! You drive mae customers vay. One big wolf won't come up to door against such hollerbaloo.

TOM. Thank us, Peters, for keeping the wolf from the door!

PETERS. Don't make joke, Tom Horton. This ban all your fault, ain't it? It skoll always Tom, Tom, Tom—Tom in everything.

TOM. I cannot tell a lie; Peters; I did it with my little megaphone!

PETERS. This ban no laughing business. You skoll drive mae trade away; nobody skoll eat beside one big cyclone!

TOM. *[Delighted, to crowd.]* Do you hear that? Cyclone! We'll show those Wishagainers! Now again—give number sixteen.

*[Men and Daisy yell; others wave handkerchiefs.]*

PETERS. *[Disgusted.]* You ban one big fool!

BRIGGS. Gentlemen, Mr. Peters is right. This conduct is most unseemly. Let us have decorum.

[*He is interrupted by cat-calls, "cut it outs," etc.*]

PERCY. Why not express our enthusiasm as we do in our Pierian Spring Literary Society in Boston, by fluttering our handkerchiefs?

[*Boys flutter handkerchiefs daintily, then yell as before.*]

PETERS. [*Hands over ears.*] Oh, Oh, Oh!

TOM. Sorry, Peters, but you know the big basket-ball game is only three days off. I tell you what—I'll write some ads to draw back the customers, wolf and all.

DAISY. Bully for Tom.

PETERS. You will?

TOM. Sure.

PETERS. That skoll be fine. You ban that smart!

[*They withdraw up right, surrounded by boys.*]

DAISY. [*Going to table, left.*] Girls! We've got Peters buffaloed!

PERCY. Pahdon me, Miss Daisy, but—ah—it's a delicate mattah, you know,—but do you considah it quite—ah—ladylike to—as it were—root?

DAISY. If I didn't I wouldn't be doing it, would I?

PERCY. O don't take it like that, Miss Daisy. But isn't it a little—as it were—too—ah—masculine?

DAISY. Is that why you don't root, Perc—(imitates) too—ah—masculine?

[*She goes over to girls.*]

FLORA. [*Down left to JOSH.*] The confectioners' clerks union are going to give a great carnival and I'm going to be queen; ain't that swell?

JOSH. [*Holds out hand.*] Put it there, Flora, it's ripping.

PERCY. [*Behind FLORA.*] Madam—

JOSH. Us fellows will all come down to see you on your throne.

PERCY. Madam, permit me—

FLORA. Aw, go on—will you, sure?

PERCY. Madam, allow me to ask—

FLORA. [*Turning.*] Say, who are you, anyhow?

JOSH. Allow me to present Mr. Percy Robbins, late from Boston—Miss DelaMartyr.

FLORA. I thought you looked like you came from the effete East. [*She looks him over, rearranges his tie, etc.*] Now run away, Cutie—I haven't time to talk to little boys to-day.

[*She brushes him aside and goes over to the girls.*]

JOSH. [*To surprised PERCY.*] Isn't she a Queen? You've got to know Flora if you want anything to eat at "The Pal." [*They go up to group at back.*]

POLLY. What those boys would do without Tom's advertisements to get them out of scrapes, I don't know.

FLUFF. They might have stayed and talked. Now, go on with your story, Daisy.

DAISY. As I was telling you, Susy here sent Polly some violets to ease that awful crush she's got, and they got in the wrong post-box—

CLAIRE. And a man got them—just like a play. [*All sit at table.*]

SUSY. I don't see anything so funny.

FLORA. [*Brisk, but aloof.*] What dope to-day?

POLLY. Have you some of that perfectly lovely rose-colored ice?

FLORA. All out.

CLAIRE. I'll take mint ice. Girls, it's grand! all green and shimmery like Leslie Carter's eyes.

FLORA. All out.

CLAIRE. [*Desperately.*] Have you any plain ice-cream? I detest it, but I'll have some.

FLORA. [*Writing orders.*] Plain dough.

DAISY. Give me a sundae—all sorts of fruits mixed.

FLORA. [*Writing.*] Rummage sale.

POLLY. I'll have some absolutely pure chocolate ice-cream.

SUSY. Me too.

FLORA. [*Writing.*] Pittsburg Mud—two.

FLUFF. Maple nut sundae.

FLORA. Sawdust and brown gravy.

POLLY. For goodness sake, what are you saying?

FLORA. [*Testily.*] I was just naming over your orders as fast as you gave them.

[*Exit FLORA to fill orders.*]

PETERS. [*Coming down front.*] That skoll be fine, Tom!

JORDAN. [*To POLLY.*] Come on out of this, I want to talk to you.

POLLY. Is Peters fixed?

JORDAN. Sure. Tom made up some rhymes about his grub and the old man's tickled pink. [*They talk aside.*]

PERCY. [*To DAISY.*] Basket-ball rather jars my sensibilities.

DAISY. Nonsensibilities, I should say.

PERCY. The time is not far off when we will be aesthetic and graceful in our games, and as cultured in our sports as we are in our reading.

DAISY. What do you read—the "Elsie Books?"

PERCY. Basket-ball, like foot-ball, is a relic of barbarism, we debated the question in our Pierian Spring Literary Society and decided that it must go—

DAISY. I wish you wouldn't talk that way about basket-ball, Percy Robbins! I suppose in Boston you play Ping-Pong and drop the handkerchief!

PERCY. I consider Ping-Pong a very nice game.

DAISY. You make me downright tired!

PERCY. [*Haughtily.*] Miss Armstrong, I have half a mind—

DAISY. Yes, and that's about all! [*She leaves PERCY open mouthed and goes over to the girls.*] Come on, girls, let's give the yell on the campus. It takes to long to eat. [*They start away.*]

SUSY. But we haven't paid for our orders.

POLLY. That's all right, dear. You may pay if you'll be good.

[*Exit men and girls.*]

SUSY. [*Ecstatic.*] Isn't she the grandest thing!

[*She anxiously counts the money and pays the bills.*]

POLLY. [*At door.*] Coming, Fritz? [*Enter HICKS and WALKER.*]

FRITZ. Coming! [*He is delayed by HICKS who shakes hands and talks.*]

POLLY. Come on, Tom.

TOM. In a minute, Polly. [*Exit POLLY. TOM goes over to counter and talks to FLORA.*]

FLORA. [*Giggling.*] You are a nuisance, Tom, but you do manage Peters.

TOM. [*Airily.*] I jollied him up with a verse or two to advertise his biz. But I kept the best one.

FLORA. What for?

TOM. You.

FLORA. Aw, go on.

TOM. Well, see how you like it.

“O take a look at Flora.

The fellows all adore-a.

They like her to distraction.

She is ‘The Pal’s’ attraction.

Take a look at Flora-bella at the Pal!”

FLORA. Say, ain’t that cute. [*Both laugh.*]

HICKS. [*To JORDAN.*] So that’s Tom Horton, is it?

FRITZ. That’s your man, all right. He sure can write ads.

HICKS. So I heard; and I’ve been looking for him since.

FRITZ. [*Pointing to signs on walls, etc.*] He did that, and that—that one was to pacify Peters when Josh stole the front sign—and that one when we made so much racket, he swore he wouldn’t let us in the Pal again. He did, though.

HICKS. [*Reading signs.*] Good, good—snappy and short—just what I want.

FRITZ. Tom sells some of them, too, to pay his expenses—pretty good money in it.

HICKS. I’ll hire him at a good salary. Good-bye. Hope you will be as good a man as your father was, Jordan—when you are a man. [*Exit JORDAN.*]

HICKS. [*Advancing to TOM.*] Mr. Horton! Mr. Horton!

FLORA. Some one to speak to you, Tom,

TOM. [*Without turning.*] Busy; back soon.

HICKS. Hope you aren't engaged, sir.

FLORA. [*Coquettishly.*] Not yet.

TOM. [*Turning to HICKS.*]. I beg your pardon. What can I do for you, sir?

HICKS. My name is Hicks; this is my manager, Walker. [*All shake hands.*] You may have heard of me—I'm the Braino Man.

TOM. You don't say so! You don't look the part. [*HICKS looks puzzled.*]

WALKER. [*Impressively.*] You don't understand, Mr. Horton. Mr. Hicks is the manufacturer of Braino Breakfast Food.

TOM. [*Aside.*] Wouldn't that whittle your pine shingles? [*To HICKS.*] I beg your pardon, Mr. Braino—I mean Mr. Hicks. Will you kindly enlighten my ignorance as to the exact nature of Braino Breakfast Food?

HICKS. The greatest Breakfast Food on this great earth. You eat it for breakfast, dinner, and supper—

TOM. [*Aside.*] He thinks I am a horse.

WALKER. And between meals.

TOM. [*Aside.*] I'm beginning to have indigestion.

WALKER. You eat it with a spoon.

HICKS. One part of Braino to two parts of cream.

TOM. I suppose the cream is nourishing.

HICKS. Look here, you won't sell much Braino if you talk about it in that way.

TOM. Holy smoke! I didn't know I was billed to advertise Braino.

HICKS. I came here to hire you as my advertising man—that is, if you can do the work. What have you done in that line?

TOM. [*Calling.*] Oh, Peters, [*PETERS appears at the door right.*] Mr. Hicks wants to hear some of those ads I've written for you. Give him a sample.

PETERS. [*Shouts from the doorway.*] "Eaters, go to Peters."

TOM. Now, Flora, it's your turn.

FLORA. [*At center.*] “Oh, take a look at Flora,  
The fellows all adore-a;  
They like her to distraction—  
She’s the Pal’s attraction.

Take a look at Flora-bella at ‘The Pal.’

HICKS. [*Slaps knee.*] You’re just the man I want to  
push Braino. You know “Frisk,” our rival breakfast  
food?

TOM. Sure.

HICKS. Everybody does. Their advertising man has  
taken the world by storm. “Be brisk—eat Frisk.” Can  
you write something as clever as that for Braino? Take  
the world by a brain storm?

TOM. “Be brainy, eat Braino.”

HICKS. I’ll pay you \$200 a month. Can you start to-  
morrow?

TOM. No.

HICKS. I thought you were only going to college.

TOM. “Only!” It keeps me jumping thirty-six hours  
a day.

HICKS. You don’t say so! But I’m offering you some-  
thing really worth while to do.

TOM. I say—I’ll be glad to take it when I get my  
degree.

HICKS. That will be—

TOM. In June.

HICKS. I can’t wait. Business is business! Besides,  
what’s the use of a clever chap like you wasting eight  
months of his time at college? Any chance of your leaving  
sooner?

TOM. [*Cheerfully.*] If I get flunked out.

HICKS. What’s that?

TOM. Soaked, canned, handed my walking papers—  
asked to leave.

HICKS. [*Anxiously.*] Any hope?

TOM. Perhaps in Biddicut’s—

HICKS. Biddicut’s? We didn’t have those new-fangled  
studies in my days.

TOM. He’s a Prof.

HICKS. A Prof?

TOM. A teacher; we call him Biddy for short, Cut—Cut—Biddicut. [*Enter BIDDY—TOM whistles.*]

HICKS. I might raise the offer.

TOM. No use—unless I need money worse than I do now. Good-bye; I'm off for the campus. [*Exit TOM.*]

HICKS. Walker, that's just the kind of a fellow I want; wide-awake, witty, gift of gab; we need brains in the Braino business.

WALKER. He seems to have a good deal.

HICKS. For one of them college boys! But the question is how to get hold of him.

WALKER. Make him quit.

HICKS. But he won't quit.

WALKER. Perhaps Biddicut will flunk him. He used to flunk a good many in my day.

HICKS. Perhaps he could be—er—persuaded to flunk Horton.

WALKER. I don't know. There's the old fossil over there.

HICKS. That—that crab, Biddicut?

WALKER. Sure.

HICKS. You know him—bring him over.

WALKER. All right. [*Goes over to BIDDICUT at table.*]  
Professor Biddicut [*no answer*], Professor Biddicut!

BIDDICUT. [*Jumps.*] How?

WALKER. [*Completing the sentence.*] Do you do?  
My name is Walker.

BIDDICUT. [*Hand to ear.*] Chalker?

WALKER. No, Walker, [*definition*] one who walks.  
I'm an old grad—Class of '99.

BIDDICUT. Wine, sir, I never drink.

WALKER. [*Shouts.*] No, no, Class of '99.

BIDDICUT. Ah, I remember. Your thesis was on "The Alleged Proof of Parallelism from the Conservation of Energy."

WALKER. I have a friend over here who wishes to meet you.

BIDDICUT. Wishes to treat me? Yes, yes—

[Enter PADLET, with paper and pencil to Hicks.]

PADLET. My name is Padlet, of the Daily Shriek. What news can you give me? Politics? Potatoes? Panics? Pugilism? Prunes?

HICKS. "Be brainy, eat Braino."

PADLET. Brain Diseases? Bakeries? Business outlook?

HICKS. Sir, nothing is happening except Death and Taxes.

PADLET. Taxes? Tariff?

HICKS. [With threatening gesture.] Tommyrot. [Exit PADLET to PETERS, whom he interviews.]

WALKER. [Coming up with BIDDICUT.] Mr. Hicks, Professor Biddicut.

BIDDICUT. How do you do, Mr. Six?

HICKS. [Shouts.] Do they call you Biddy for short?

BIDDICUT. Why, why—they haven't for long, Mr. Nix.

HICKS. Thomas Horton is in one of your classes, isn't he?

BIDDICUT. Who did you say?

HICKS. [Shouts.] Horton.

BIDDICUT. [Perplexed.] A good-looking, plain-spoken young man, with rather loud attire?

HICKS. That's the man. Will you flunk him out of your classes for a consideration?

BIDDICUT. I shall pass Jordan, Mr. Snix.

HICKS. [Disgusted.] Jordan! Snix! How he does mix names. I want him flunked, Professor. I will pay you to do it. [Shouts in BIDDICUT's ear.] Pay you!

BIDDICUT. I am not susceptible to bribes, Mr. Fix.

HICKS. [To WALKER.] Hear that. I thought they didn't pay these professors anything.

WALKER. They don't, that's the trouble; he doesn't know what money is.

HICKS. I have it—another method. I'll scare him into it; Padlet, come here.

PADLET. Any news, sir? [Stands at HICKS's elbow with pen and paper in position.]

HICK. [Talking loudly close to BIDDICUT's ear.] Professor Adam Biddicut, called "Biddy" for short by

the students of the Northern University stated to-day that he considered wife-beating at times highly commendable.

BIDDICUT. [*In alarm.*] What, what? You won't print that, will you?

HICKS. [*As before.*] Professor Biddicut, "Biddy" for short, it will be remembered, also affirmed that the co-eds of the university were sure to make the least successful wives, and might well merit the chastisement Professor Biddicut so warmly recommends.

BIDDICUT. No, no, Mr. Sticks—you won't let him print that, will you?

HICKS. Unless you flunk Horton.

BIDDICUT. I'll flunk him, I'll flunk him. If you'll only keep that out of the paper.

HICKS. Ah, Walker, it has worked! Power of the press, instrument of the people, you know. Here, Padlet—give me that rot. [*He tears paper; exit PADLET.*] Now I want this flunking done just as I say.

BIDDICUT. Just as you say.

HICKS. Flunk Horton out gradual; give him lessons, lessons, lessons.

BIDDICUT. Less, less, less.

HICKS. No; more, more, more. Cover him up with work until he will want to leave school anyway.

BIDDICUT. Discouraged.

HICKS. Give him a dozen books to read.

BIDDICUT. All right. First, Plato's Dialogues.

HICKS. Anything like Dolly Dialogues?

BIDDICUT. Aristotle. Hobhouse. Whately. Spinoza. Descartes. Hume.

HICKS. And Deuteronomy.

BIDDICUT. Kant.

HICKS. That's the idea; something he can't do, can't, can't, can't, can't. Give him papers to write on any old topic. "Politics, potatoes, panics, prunes."

BIDDICUT. Ha! "Reverse Illusions of Orientation," "Psychometric study of Psychophysics law."

HICKS. We didn't have those new-fangled studies in my day.

BIDDICUT. Kant's theory. "This claim on general considerations, we have shown to be a usurpation, which nothing can legitimize. It is a significant corroboration of this criticism that while the entire system, in its organization, constitution, and complexion is determined by the opposition and correlation.

HICKS. For Heaven's sake, don't give it to me! That's the idea, but don't give it to me. Don't, don't! Give it to him, him,—Horton, not me, not me, not me! [HICK'S protests violently as BIDDICUT keeps opening his mouth, and backing away from the advancing HICKS. BIDDY backs himself out of the door, HICKS still protesting.]

HICKS. This is thirsty business. [FLORA comes up.]

FLORA. What'll you have?

HICKS. Whisky and soda for mine.

FLORA. Not here.

HICKS. Excuse me; two lemonades. [Exit FLORA.] Walker, Biddy's on my mind. Do you think that he will make good?

WALKER. Um—well—another scheme wouldn't be so bad. To make assurance doubly sure.

HICKS. [Springing to feet.] Wife assurance, by cricky; we'll marry him off! [Enter FLORA with lemonades; HICKS looks at her critically.] Let me see, haven't I seen you before?

FLORA. [Snaps.] When I took your order, of course. [Exit FLORA.]

HICKS. [Dazed a second, then slaps his knee in delight.] By cricky, it'll work. She's the one.

WALKER. Maybe sometime you'll explain your connections. "Wife assurance"; "Flora, the one."

HICKS. It's great. Did you notice how attentive this Horton was to Flora? Did you see how he leaned over the counter and talked to her—it looked like something serious on his side.

WALKER. He's taken a shine to her, all right.

HICKS. Why, that girl could do anything.

WALKER. [Interested.] What? You're going to have her lead him on—

HICKS. [*Leaning forward confidentially.*] Till he proposes, see? Then she accepts him—

WALKER. And he'll have to leave college to marry her—

HICKS. Because he can't afford to now.

WALKER. And so he takes the position.

HICKS. [*Chuckles.*] That's it, my boy. It's always well to have two plans, so if one fails you've got him anyway. [*He whistles to FLORA, and WALKER goes up to the door.*]

FLORA. [*Coming up.*] What is it now?

HICKS. Miss Flora, how would you like to get a hundred dollars for encouraging a young man till he proposes to you?

FLORA. [*Dropping tray.*] Wh—what?

HICKS. Will you make a young man turn down all these stuck-up college girls and ask you to marry him?

FLORA. [*Coquettishly.*] That depends some on who he is.

HICKS. It's Tom Horton.

FLORA. Oh, him. Well, ain't that a kind of a queer bargain?

HICKS. You could do it. You've got a good start now.

FLORA. [*Aside.*] Easy money. And I would like to get ahead of those college girls. [*Aloud.*] Well, I'll do it.

HICKS. Good. I'll give you two weeks. All you have to do is to lead him on—you know how—till he puts the question. Then you take him up quick.

FLORA. But not too quick. [*Enter the girls at door; exit FLORA.*]

WALKER. [*Coming down.*] So she's going to do it? Well, between you two and old Biddy maybe you'll get him.

HICKS. [*Excited.*] Get him? Why, I've got him already. [*They start toward the door.*] By the first of the month Tom Horton will be ad manager for *Brains!* [*Exit.*]

GIRLS. [*In chorus of surprise and dismay.*] Well, did you ever?

FLUFF. It's Hiram Hicks, the Breakfast Food Millionaire.

POLLY. [*Breathlessly.*] How perfectly thrilling!

FLUFF. Tom quit college?

DAISY. Right in the middle of his senior year?

SUSY. How awfully exciting!

FLUFF. But Mr. Horton is such an adorable dancer.

DAISY. And manager of the Tennis Club. Why, he can't leave college!

POLLY. Oh, misery!

SUSY. What a shame!

CLAIRE. He's such a help in the Dramatic Club. He's divine as a clown!

DAISY. The team will miss him like fun. He goes to all the rehearsals. He's such a corking good sport.

FLUFF. Why, I wouldn't dream of letting Algy quit college. What will June say?

DAISY. I should say she will! Why, they are always together—she never lets one man hang around all the time unless she likes him awfully.

POLLY. June will be all broken up, if he quits now. Girls, we mustn't let him stop college now!

ALL. Of course not, but how?

POLLY. Oh, there must be lots of ways. Let me think. [*Sits at table left, chin in hand.*]

ALL. Hush, Polly's thinking!

FLUFF. [*Suggestively.*] A little jolly—clever jolly—might help. Algie says—

POLLY. [*Springing up and gesticulates with spoon.*] I have it. If anything will do it, jollying will—Tom's only a man. Behold the Ladies' Benevolent and Protective Order of Hero-Worshippers, and Plot-Mashers, No. 23, guaranteed to charm, fascinate, captivate, and eternally hang on any man closer than a brother—or a Breakfast Food. More—

JUNE. [*Entering up center.*] Dear, dear, how dramatic! What's it all about? [*She is surrounded down center.*]

GIRLS. Hello, June—terribly glad to see you—thought you were cramming.

JUNE. I was cramming—till I suddenly remembered an appointment with Tom er—with the dentist.

GIRLS. [*Laughing.*] The dentist!

POLLY. But look here,—June—there's news.

GIRLS. [*In chorus.*] Tom Horton's quit college!

JUNE. [*Startled.*] What? Oh, girls—no.

FLUFF. That is, he's going to.

JUNE. [*With relief.*] Oh. Are you sure?

DAISY. We heard an old chap say so. It was a corking good chance—he's foolish if he don't. Of course I hope he won't.

FLUFF. It's Ad Manager, June.

CLAIRE. For Braino, June.

SUSY. Oh my, yes, the Breakfast Food, you know.

DAISY. He wants him right away, June.

JUNE. [*Puzzled.*] Pol—for goodness sake—explain.

POLLY. That's all, June. Mr. Hicks, the Breakfast Food man, just said in here that within a month Tom would be working for him—writing ads! We girls don't agree with Mr. Hicks, that's all. Isn't it exciting? So we're going to be so nice to Tom he'll want to stay in college—and turn Mr. Hicks down. Don't you see?

ALL. Of course—don't you see?

JUNE. [*Laughing.*] Oh, perfectly. Well, good luck to you!

POLLY. Nonsense, June, you've got to help. It will be gorgeous fun, and you can do more than all the rest—you know Tom's crazy about you!

JUNE. [*Reluctantly.*] Well—I'll try. But really I shan't be a speck of use. I—I hardly know Mr. Horton.

TOM. [*Rushing in, watch in hand.*] Hullo, girls, seen June? [*Coming down front, breathlessly.*] Oh, there you are! Sorry to be so slow for our engagement, but—

JUNE. [*Embarrassed.*] It's of no consequence. I hear you're going to leave us.

GIRLS. [*Interrupting in a chorus.*] Oh, Tom—how can you be so mean?

TOM. [*Surprised, scratching his head.*] How in thunder did you know? But it sure looks good—you can never tell—I might take it up. [GIRLS surround TOM down center, JUNE and POLLY talk aside.]

SUSY. [*Offers candy.*] Why, what would Northern do without you, Tom?

CLAIRE. [*Romantically.*] There are some men, Tom, whom one parts with only with a wrench.

TOM. Oh, I'm not so hard to get rid of as that, am I?

FLUFF. [*Puts violets in TOM's coat.*] You're so different from the rest, Tom dear.

TOM. [*Feebly.*] Help, Help!

SUSY. Yes, all our class think you're simply grand.

TOM. [*To audience.*] Do I look like a little tin god?

CLAIRE. How true! And as Bernard Shaw says—

TOM. [*Desperately.*] Don't say it.

FLUFF. [*Ingenuously.*] Why, we wouldn't think of telling you all this if it wasn't true, Tom.

TOM. Oh, this is awful. Somebody rescue me quick.

POLLY. What's the matter, Tom? Come, girls, we simply must go. Cheer up, Tom! Good-bye, June. And don't forget your appointment with the dentist. [*Exit GIRLS.*]

TOM. [*With a worried air.*] I say, what's the matter with them, anyhow?

JUNE. [*Aside.*] Now, it's my turn to help. [*To TOM.*] Nothing, Tom, why?

TOM. Don't look up at me like that—you make me nervous! What makes them so fondly admiring all of a sudden? I never noticed it before?

JUNE. They hate to see you leave college, Tom; [*looking down*] I hate to—too.

TOM. [*Delighted.*] Honest? [*aside*] Jove, she never said that much before.

JUNE. [*Demurely.*] Of course, I can get Mr. Wilson to call for me after Glee Club.

TOM. That shrimp!

JUNE. And Ned Murphy will do all my problems in math—

TOM. Murphy's a mucker.

JUNE. [*Looking up.*] But I would so much rather have you, Tom. Must you stop school?

TOM. I told the old man I wouldn't take his offer; but on thinking it over, I guess I ought to.

JUNE. Oh, Tom!

TOM. You see, June—I'm deucedly hard up. I need the money.

JUNE. But you sell so many ads and things—

TOM. I'm in debt—I can't raise enough that way to pay up.

JUNE. I'm so sorry.

TOM. That helps some.

JUNE. But please don't decide right away.

TOM. It's got to be pretty quick.

JUNE. Wait a few days—don't decide until after the game Saturday. Promise?

TOM. Sure, I promise—anything you say, June.

JUNE. Thank you, Tom. You're a dear. [*Shake hands.*]

CURTAIN.

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## ACT II.

SCENE—*The campus of Northern University.*

TIME—*Morning, the day of the game.*

[*BIDDY discovered at rise looking into wings.*]

BIDDY. Here comes our good-looking, plain-spoken young man with the rather loud attire—Jordan. [*Enter JORDAN gaily.*]

JORDAN. Fine morning, Herr Professor. [*Takes off his hat magnificently.*] I've done all that work you gave me.

BIDDY. How's that? Work? I'll give you more. Here are some books for you to read. You were woefully behind in your studies and must catch up.

JORDAN. Oh—h.

BIDDY. [*Giving book to JORDAN as named.*] "Plato's Dialogues," "Aristotle," "Hobhouse," "Whately," "Spinoza," "Descartes," "Hume," "Kant."

JORDAN. What do you think I am? A circulating library? [*Turns on his heel to illustrate the idea.*]

BIDDY. Here I have prepared a few papers for you to write: "Psychometric Study of Psychophysics Law," and "Reverse Illusions of Orientation," and Kant's theory—"This claim on general considerations we have shown to be a usurpation which nothing can legitimize. It is—"

JORDAN. Don't, don't; I'm in training.

BIDDY. No, I don't believe that it's raining. "A significant corroboration"—

JORDAN. Say, the Doc. wouldn't stand for it.

BIDDY. "Of this criticism"—

JORDAN. No; I'm giving up cigarettes, and pie, and—the game's to-night.

BIDDY. "That while the entire system"—

JORDAN. [*Shouting.*] Let me give you a couple of comps. [*In getting the tickets, drops most of the books.*] Here. You will go?

BIDDY. I shall take the matter under advisement. [*Exit.*] [*Enter TOM. JORDAN sitting mournfully on the books.*]

TOM. Hello, Fritz, whose funeral?

JORDAN. My own.

TOM. Here's to the memory of Picklefritz Jordan. If he'd lived a bit longer he could have got more done. What was the ailment, friend?

JORDAN. Over-work and a complication of lessons.

TOM. Biddy the undertaker?

JORDAN. Yes, Biddy.

TOM. You should have taken better care of yourself; taken bigger doses of study; got your papers in on time; skipped fewer classes——

JORDAN. This from you!

TOM. Yes, me. Biddicut hasn't been making any funeral out of me, has he?

JORDAN. No—you are still at large—and I suppose preparing to yell for old Northern to-night.

TOM. Sure, got a comp for me?

JORDAN. Sure. [*Gives him one*] I judge you are not in opulent circumstances?

TOM. No, I'm in debt to the ears.

JORDAN. [*Looking up.*] That is very much in debt.

TOM. And I'm head over ears in love.

JORDAN. That must be the very ecstasy of love.

TOM. And love, nowadays, costs money.

JORDAN. [*Seriously.*] Tom, you need that two hundred you lent me.

TOM. You ought to go into the mind-reading business. I could use it.

JORDAN. I'll give it to you this noon.

TOM. Thanks, old man, I was strapped; absolutely strapped. Couldn't have gotten along much longer without asking for it. [*Carelessly.*] Came mighty near accepting that business offer the other day.

JORDAN. Don't you think of it. You can have the money this noon just as well as not. [*Aside*] That will leave me exactly \$5.04.

TOM. All right, old man. A lot depends on your playing to-night. You are the one and only indispensable of the team. Chuck these books and take a nap. [*Exit TOM.*]

JORDAN. [*Takes out watch.*] Nap, nothing; time's worth money. Mine ought to be worth about \$7.50 for a few days. [*Enter BRIGGS.*]

BRIGGS. I'm gratified to see you among your books, Mr. Jordan.

JORDAN. [*Hastily.*] Not at all; not at all.

BRIGGS. The sage truly says: "Knowledge is power; wisdom is bliss; the pen"—

JORDAN. Oh, shut up.

BRIGGS. Fie, sir, fie. The sage says—

JORDAN. Could you lend me a little money, Briggs?

BRIGGS. [*Reaching into his pocket.*] "The sordid lucre," says the sage—

JORDAN. How much have you?

BRIGGS. Four dollars. [*He holds the money in his hands.*]

JORDAN. Give it to me. [*He takes it from the reluctant BRIGGS, who starts ruefully away; then turns back.*]

BRIGGS. I don't believe I can lend that to you after all. I must pay my board to-morrow.

JORDAN. [*Coming to center.*] Change boarding places.

BRIGGS. Fie, sir, fie. The sage says—

JORDAN. Something about a fool and his money, doesn't he? Cheer up, Briggs. Here are a couple of comps to the basket-ball game to-night. Take your best girl and have a good time.

BRIGGS. Are you sanguine about the outcome, Mr. Jordan?

JORDAN. In the language of the sage, we'll beat them hollow.

BRIGGS. There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

JORDAN. Did the sage say that?

BRIGGS. No, I think not. That is, I don't know. I'll go immediately and look it up. [*Exit.* JORDAN *sits on bench.* Enter HICKS, both arms full of packages of breakfast food.]

HICKS. Hello, my boy, you look blue.

JORDAN. I am blue. If I was only a shark—

HICKS. [*Depositing the boxes in neat pile by bench right.*] What's a shark? One of them things that swallowed Jonah?

JORDAN. No. One of them things that swallows books.

HICKS. [*Offering JORDAN Braino.*] "Be brainy, try Braino."

JORDAN. No, thanks; I'm in training and the doctor

strictly forbids brains,—I mean Braino. Besides, I'm in debt.

HICKS. In debt? Does college cost money?

JORDAN. Yes, it does. And I owe my room-mate, Tom Horton, \$200.00.

HICKS. [*Surprised.*] Tom Horton?

JORDAN. The same; if he doesn't get the money, he'll have to go to work.

HICKS. Go to work? That would suit me fine.

JORDAN. I can raise enough to pay him, but that's all. It leaves me broke.

HICKS. Young man, take my advice, don't pay him.

JORDAN. Why? Will you help me out?

HICKS. Maybe—

JORDAN. Will you lend me two hundred?

HICKS. No, I won't do it in just that way. Northern University plays a game of basket-ball with Wishagain to-night?

JORDAN. Yes, I'm forward on the team.

HICKS. The chances are that Northern will win?

JORDAN. Sure, we'll win.

HICKS. I will bet you two hundred that you won't win.

JORDAN. Golly, what a cinch! But—if I lose, I'll have to leave college; and Tom will have to leave college.

HICKS. Yes, that's the point: Tom will have to leave college. But we're both taking chances. The odds are yours. You can play the game for all it's worth. If I win, why, I'm winning bigger stakes than I'm betting.

JORDAN. You won't lend it to me?

HICKS. No. [*JORDAN turns his back on HICKS and they stand silent for a moment. Then he faces the Braino man.*]

JORDAN. I'll take you. [*They shake hands. JORDAN starts off, turns irresolute, goes on again and then makes a quick exit.*]

[*Enter FLORA, reading note and giggling.*]

HICKS. Good-morning, Miss Flora, how's the world treating you to-day?

FLORA. All right. Look at what I just got from Mr. Horton. [*They read together.*]

“Who’s the trimmest and neatest,  
The daintiest, sweetest,  
Of all the fine girls, begorra;  
The sauciest, prettiest,  
Brightest, wittiest—  
Boys, who could it be but Flora?”

HICKS. You’re getting along great. Does he write you many like that?

FLORA. Yes, he’s always making up poems and saying them.

HICKS. Well, I’m not worrying any about your getting him.

FLORA. Yes, I guess we’re getting along all right, but he hasn’t exactly proposed yet. But these college boys is easy worked. [*Hums to herself.*]

“Sauciest, prettiest,  
Brightest and wittiest—”

HICKS. It’s all true, all right. I was pretty good to Horton, wasn’t I, to pick you out for him? [*Enter TOM.*]

TOM. Hello, here’s our friend Braino and my pretty waitress. Let’s see [*taking out watch*], half an hour before June gets out of class. May as well have some fun. [*He whistles to catch FLORA’S attention.*] Good-morning, Flora. Get my note?

HICKS. Now go it, Flora; me for the bench. [*HICKS sits on the far side of the bench.*]

FLORA. Uh-huh. Say, you’re the biggest jollier I ever saw.

TOM. [*Airily.*] Why, I meant every word of it.

FLORA. [*Demurely.*] If I thought you meant it, I’d have been awfully pleased.

HICKS. [*On the far side of the bench.*] If he had the heart of a snipe he’d asked her long before this.

FLORA. But I know you college boys; none of you for me. [*Putting up her hand in protest.*]

TOM. [*Takes hand.*] Look at that hand, Flora. That’s no hand for a waitress.

HICKS. [*Delighted, edging around to front.*] That sounds like business.

TOM. You're made for better things. You should—

HICKS. Here's where he does it.

TOM. Be a manicure artist, or a glove fitter.

HICKS. [*Disgusted.*] Hang him!

FLORA. [*Plaintively.*] I might as well go away; no one would miss me from the Pal.

TOM. Why, Flora, the Pal would be a dreary waste without you. The ice cream would have no more taste than Braino.

HICKS. What, what!

TOM. Honestly, if you should leave the Pal—

HICKS. It's coming!

TOM. The Pal would lose half its trade.

HICKS. Hang it, he's too cold. [*FLORA and TOM gaze sweetly at each other.*]

HICKS. [*Seeing them.*] Hang it, he's too affectionate! Ahem! Miss Flora, it's time we were going. [*HICKS and FLORA go up stage.*]

[*Enter DAISY, FLUFF, CLAIRE and SUSY.*]

DAISY. Gee, girls, here's Tom. Get busy! [*They surround TOM.*]

FLUFF. It's good to get a chance to talk to you, Tom.

CLAIRE. You're so popular now-a-days.

SUSY. Yes; as Miss Polly says—"Hero worship—"

FLUFF. Aren't you ashamed to put the other men in the shade?

CLAIRE. You quite hold the center of the stage.

TOM. [*In mock distress.*] Daisy, help me out of this.

DAISY. [*Crossly.*] Out of what? [*Enter PROFESSOR SMILEY at back.*]

TOM. You aren't in the sugar-honey mood, for sure; what's the matter?

DAISY. You make me sick, that's straight.

SUSY. [*To FLUFF.*] She'd be such a nice girl if she only had more tact.

DAISY. You're pretty poor to quit now. Aw, Tom, what do you want to do it for?

SMILEY. Well, well, what's this I hear about your leaving, Horton? Don't do it, my boy.

TOM. I don't know, Professor; you see,—I'm hard up as the deuce.

SMILEY. Nonsense. What will your rooter brigade do?

GIRLS. Go to smash, Tom!

SMILEY. We can't spare any of our men.

FLUFF. Few enough of them now!

SMILEY. Think it over, Horton. Come in and talk to me about it to-morrow.

DAISY. [*Shaking SMILEY's hand.*] 'Scuse me, Professor, but you're a brick!

[*Exit SMILEY. GIRLS and TOM walk over left.*]

HICKS. [*To FLORA.*] Now, now,—you just wait your time, you're prettier than any of them.

FLORA. [*Pettishly.*] You think so.

HICKS. I didn't say I thought so, did I?

FLORA. Oh, didn't you?

HICKS. [*Shortly.*] Certainly not. [*Exit FLORA.*]

[*Enter BOYS in zig-zag, and PADLET comes in rear.*]

BOYS. Hello, girls, hello, Thomas!

JOSH. Say, Tom, let's have the yell again; too quiet round these parts.

HICKS. Let me in on it. Teach me the yell, Horton.

TOM. All right. [*MEN draw together.*]

POLLY. It's that horrid Braino man! Let's go, girls. [*Exit GIRLS together.*]

TOM. [*To HICKS.*] You say "Rah" nine times and then shout Northern.

HICKS. [*Shouting.*] Rah nine times, Northern!

TOM. No, no! Show him how it's done, fellows. [*BOYS give yell.*]

TOM. Now, Hicks; one, two, three.

HICKS. Rah, rah, rah, rah. [*Confused*—Braino! [*BOYS laugh.*]

HICKS. [*Wiping brow.*] Guess I'm some mixed; but business is business. That reminds me; I've got something for you boys. [*Goes over to bench.*]

ADOLPH. [*Pushing forward.*] Something to eat?

JOSH. The old boy is getting generous, isn't he?

HICKS. [*Passing packages of Braino.*] Braino, the triumph of the age. Pre-cooked, pre-sterilized, pre-digested. A spoon in every package.

TOM. Look out, fellows; had your lives insured?

JOSH. [*Shaking Braino out of the box.*] Shavings! The kind that father used to make!

PERCY. Flat as a pancake, bah Jove.

TOM. [*With mock pensiveness.*] This takes me back to childhood's happy hours. We had a goat once that used to eat shavings.

PERCY. [*To ADOLPH.*] Your manner of eating, Adolph, is not exactly—er—birdlike.

ADOLPH. [*To JOSH.*] What does he think I am? A jay, or a spring chicken, or a cuckoo? [*Gives cuckoo call.*]

PADLET. [*Coming down right.*] Aha, some news! [*Writing.*] "Back to nature. Students of Northern University dine in open air." [*TOM throws empty box at him; he retires to rear. Enter BRIGGS.*]

BRIGGS. Mr. Jordan, Mr. Jordan; the sage did say that!

TOM. [*Pushing Braino down his throat.*] Try this brand of sage.

HICKS. [*Angrily.*] Can't you say something good about it, man?

TOM. I can try:

"Some simple people in a rage,  
Forget the adage of the sage,  
Be brainy, and eat Braino."

HICKS. Good, good! Boys, I've an announcement to make to you.

BOYS. Hoorah!

HICKS. Braino is the finest Breakfast Food on earth!

TOM. Don't mention it.

HICKS. But people have got to be told so.

BOYS. You bet.

HICKS. So I'm hiring one of your brainy fellow students as ad manager for Braino.

BOYS. Hooray!

TOM. [*Aside.*] An unexpected honor, I'm sure!

HICKS. Suppose we have a feed at the Pal, to celebrate?

BOYS. All right. [*Exit BOYS yelling, "What's the matter with Brains," etc.*]

PADLET. [*Detaining HICKS.*] What's the young man's name, Mr. Hicks?

HICKS. [*Whispers.*] Sh! His name—is Tom Horton. [*Exit HICKS. PADLET whistles and rushes out left. TOM down center, lights cigarette with self-satisfied air.*]

TOM. Guess yours truly's not so bad after all. Sensible girls, those. That's one good thing about co-eds: they see a chap's good points and don't mind telling him so. [*Enter JORDAN.*]

JORDAN. Hello, old man. Where's the Harem?

TOM. Aw, cut it, Fritz! You know there's only one queen for mine—and what's more, I'm going to tell her so to-day. I feel fit as a fiddle—all kinds of confidence.

JORDAN. [*Drily.*] Yes, but it isn't a confidence game. How do you stand with her?

TOM. That's what I want to know. What do you think?

JORDAN. [*Sadly.*] Well, I don't know. You never can tell about these women. You think your ticket reads "Peaches and Cream," and then they hand you a lemon.

TOM. Well, I'm going to try anyhow. But what will I say? How's this—I made it up last night.

JORDAN. [*Perching on bulletin board.*] Spit it out, old man, if it hurts you.

TOM. [*Oratorically.*] "June, I'm going away, and I've something to say to you before I go—" I may quit college, you know, so that goes all right—anyhow it sounds well.

JORDAN. Yes, that'll do—for a starter.

TOM. [*Continues.*] "For years—" months, I mean,—"For months, but one thought has haunted me in my dreams, has danced before me in my waking hours; my

heart beats quicker with it. My—" Jove, it sounds like a catalogue of jag symptoms.

JORDAN. [*With a grin.*] Never mind; women like that sort of thing, and maybe she doesn't know the symptoms.

TOM. Let's see—"and what is it that is always before me in the watches of the night?"

JORDAN. [*Sepulchrally.*] Dream of a Rarebit Fiend!

TOM. Shut up. I'm going to do this right—"Your face!"

JORDAN. That's all right—but you ought to work up some motions. Try a few; they will give you aplomb—self-possession. [*Airily.*] Savoir-faire.

TOM. [*Seriously.*] Sure enough. [*He goes through elaborate motions, saying speech to himself.*]

[JORDAN reels from perch, out right, bumping into JUNE, entering.]

JUNE. [*Dismayed.*] Why, Tom Horton, whatever is the matter with you?

TOM. [*Stopping short, embarrassed.*] Me? Why—nothing, just a few exercises for my muscles—I read 'em in The Ladies' Home Journal "beauty talks," you know. But, I say, you're the very person I wanted to see.

JUNE. Am I, really? How nice. Did you have something to say to me?

TOM. Yes. That is—no, not at all.

JUNE. [*Sitting on bench, right.*] Then why did you want to see me?

TOM. You see—the fact is, there was something I wanted to tell you. It has sort of 'scaped my mind just now. [*Aside.*] How did it begin?

JUNE. Perhaps it was about the game. Have you seen their team?

TOM. No,—that is, yes. But, I say, June—it's this way—I've tried to tell you— [*Enter CLAIRE, right, with book, reciting.*]

CLAIRE. "Silence, villain. She knows all. [TOM and JUNE startled.] Perfidious caittiff, a curse shall be upon thee this day if thou sayest one word more."

JUNE. [*Relieved.*] It's only Claire rehearsing!

CLAIRE. Now, June, you've made me forget my lines. [*Looks in book.*] This is the grandest play! What's the next line?

TOM. [*Melodramatically.*] The next line is, "Be-gone, thou foolish female; 'ods-blood, thou beest likest to be chased if thou goest not quickly."

CLAIRE. No, that's in the third act. Here it is—"Avaunt, caitiff—[*TOM dodges at her gesture.*] I go and may I never cross thy path again." [*Exit CLAIRE left.*]

TOM. Amen to that. Not to-day, at least. [*Aside.*] What luck. Now I'll have to start all over again. How did I begin?

JUNE. [*Aside.*] I wonder what he's going to ask me? Shall I say "yes" or "no"?

TOM. [*Coming over to her.*] You see, June, as I was saying—

JUNE. [*Encouragingly.*] Yes? You were saying—

TOM. It's rather a long story and hard to tell—

[*Enter BRIGGS, right, shouting in ear of BIDDICUT, with whom he walks.*]

BRIGGS. Of course, Professor, everyone agrees that the species *Rhamphorincus phyllurus* is a distinct one, the *pterodoctylia* being less variable—

[*TOM leans limply against a tree, and JUNE smothers her laughter in her handkerchief, as BRIGGS and BIDDICUT stop, center.*]

BIDDICUT. You are mistaken, Mr. Briggs, it was Doctor Longtalk, in his celebrated essay on the Octogenic and Philogenic variability of the *Amphoristocrinus multobrachiatus*.

BRIGGS. [*Shouting as before.*] Pardon me, Professor, I have it on the authority of Doctor Bighead, that the *Crossopterygians* are the most ancient teleostomes.

BIDDICUT. My dear sir, the alar appendages of the *chimaerjaloid* can be made no standard of comparison.

BRIGGS. The *diphycereál* tail of the *ampharincus*—

BIDDICUT. The *exoskeleton* of the *Polypterus*—[*Exit left, still talking.*]

TOM. [*Crossly.*] I've always been so interested in the exoskeleton of the polypterus multi-brachiatas. Excuse me while I get some of this language out of my system. [*Goes over to left, hands clinched.*]

JUNE. [*Aside.*] It must be 'most noon—I wish he'd hurry. Guess I'll say "No" this time.

TOM. [*Desperately, coming over.*] June, you know what I want to say.

JUNE. Why, Tom, I've no idea.

TOM. It's been plain enough to everybody else. [*Enter JOSH and DAISY; they cross slowly from right to left.*]

DAISY. Oh, Tom's crazy about her, all right, and I guess she thinks he's O. K.

[*TOM subsides limply on bench.*]

JOSH. But she's got such a bunch of fellows on the string.

DAISY. Best fellows in college, too!

JOSH. Well, Tom's a jolly good fellow.

DAISY. But that kind generally make jolly poor husbands, they say. [*Exeunt left.*]

TOM. It's no use; I'm found out. [*Faintly aside.*]

JUNE. [*From the other side of the tree.*] Tom?

TOM. What?

JUNE. Hadn't you better hurry?

TOM. [*Comes round to front of tree.*] There's too much business round these parts. I— [*Enter bill-poster and leisurely proceeds to post large sign, "Be Brainy, Eat Brains," on tree between them.*]

JUNE. [*Making conversation after pause.*] Isn't it a beautiful day?

TOM. [*Pacing savagely up and down.*] Too much weather out to suit me.

JUNE. [*After another pause.*] This is such a beautiful spot!

TOM. [*Snorting.*] Yes, so quiet, so retired, so—

JUNE. [*Hastily.*] Such a beautiful autumn. Aren't you fond of it?

TOM. [*Absently, still pacing.*] Oh, very. I prefer mine fried or broiled!

[*Exit bill-poster, still whistling.*]

TOM. [*Watches him off, then rushes over to JUNE.*] June, I'm crazy about you—have been ever since I've known you—I can't get along without you—will you marry me?

JUNE. What a horrid way to ask me! Of course I won't.

TOM. [*Quite limp.*] Wh-what? 'Don't you like me?

JUNE. [*Slowly.*] Yes.

TOM. [*Seizing her hand.*] Well then—won't you?

JUNE. Oh, Tom, well—if we win the game—I will! [*TOM seizes both hands as FLORA enters right, JORDAN and POLLY left; JUNE flies to POLLY and exeunt with JORDAN. FLORA sees him and comes down center.*]

FLORA. [*Center, screams.*] My land, how you startled me!

TOM. [*Rousing.*] Oh, hello, Flora.

FLORA. [*Coyly.*] A penny for your thoughts, Tom.

TOM. [*Absently.*] Dreaming about the very best little girl in the world—the sweetest, the prettiest, the—

FLORA. [*Another delighted scream.*] How lovely! Come and tell me all about it.

[*Goes to bench right.*]

TOM. [*Coming over.*] Jove! It's a long story—

FLORA. [*Moving close to him.*] But I'd love to have you tell it to me. It's so cosy to sit here alone and talk. Don't you think so?

TOM. [*Dubiously, moving away.*] Yes—very cosy!

FLORA. Now tell me all about her. Is she a real swell looker?

TOM. [*Enthusiastically.*] Swell's no name for it. She's the neatest little figure [*FLORA adjusts her belt*], the daintiest hands and feet [*FLORA removes gloves and looks at shoe tips*], the prettiest smile and the jolliest little ways [*FLORA moves closer.*]

FLORA. And are you very, very fond of her?

TOM. [*Moving away, seriously.*] Yes, I'm sure I am.

[*Walks center.*] Why, if I could make her care for me as I do for her—

FLORA. [*Throws herself in his arms.*] She does, Tom, she does. Your Flossy is yours forever!

TOM. [*His arms rigidly extended.*] Holy cats! [*Enter PADLET.*]

PADLET. Ah, a scoop! [*Writes.*] “Romantic episode on campus. Collegian passionately embraces fair stranger.” [*Exit writing, right.*]

FLORA. [*Still clinging.*] To think I thought you were only flirting all the while!

TOM. What in the name of—

FLORA. [*Dictatorially.*] Now you’ll stop school—you’ll get a job—and settle down.

TOM. [*Dismally.*] Settle down. [*Enter JUNE and POLLY, left. JUNE screams. TOM is petrified with horror.*]

FLORA. [*Disengaging herself and arranging her hat, etc.*] Well, that’s done! Good-bye, lovey, see you later! [*Exit right.*]

POLLY. [*Coming down.*] Tom Horton, aren’t you ashamed of yourself? [*TOM miserably silent.*] Tom Horton, you ought to be so ashamed you couldn’t look a living, breathing mortal in the face!

TOM. But—

POLLY. I think you’re the deceitfullest, horriddest, ignoblest, awfulest, double-dealingest, untruthfullest person I ever saw in all my life!

[*JUNE drags POLLY out right.*]

FRITZ. [*Outside.*] Where’s Tom? Seen Tom? [*Enter FRITZ, excited, waving paper.*] Oh, here you are; just in time to save me from a purple fit! Look at that—look what Biddy has handed me.

TOM. [*Gloomily.*] Don’t talk to me about troubles; I’ve got the whole 57 varieties.

FRITZ. But read it, man; read it!

TOM. [*Takes paper.*] What’s it about?

FRITZ. Biddy has barred me out of the game to-night.

TOM. What?

FRITZ. Says I'm below grade—can't play to-night.

TOM. [*Brightening.*] Then we won't win the game—and I won't have to move to Utah.

FRITZ. Don't you realize that we've no sub to take my place?

TOM. Yes, Utah! Don't you realize that if we win I'll be engaged to two girls [*Sits on bench, right.*]

FRITZ. What? And one of them's June?

TOM. [*Groans.*] And the other one's Flora!

FRITZ. Well, you are a chump!

TOM. [*Gloomily.*] Don't mention it.

FRITZ. Just the same, old man, you've got to do it.

TOM. Do what?

FRITZ. Take my place on the team—

TOM. Not on your life.

FRITZ. And play the game of your life—

TOM. [*Stubbornly.*] I can't do it.

JORDAN. Now look here, Tom, I've put up \$200 of your money, what I was going to pay you this noon, on the game. Hicks took the bet. If I lose the money we both have to leave college.

TOM. I don't care a hang whether I leave college or not.

JORDAN. You care a hang for the college, don't you?

TOM. Yes.

JORDAN. Well then?

TOM. But think, man, if I play and we win, I'm engaged to two girls.

JORDAN. You must play.

TOM. I can't.

FRITZ. And win that game.

TOM. Think of the girls!

FRITZ. Think of the game.

TOM. If we win it, June rewards me by marrying me.

FRITZ. Good.

TOM. And Flora's bound to do it anyway. What a situation!

FRITZ. Sorry, old fellow—but think of the score, the championship, the college, can't you hear duty's call?

[*Automobile horn heard out right.*] Here comes the team now, going to last practice. [*Enter automobile with team, MEN and GIRLS following and cheering.*]

FRITZ [*To MEN.*] I'm barred, fellows. Horton takes my place. [*He drags TOM toward car.*]

TOM. Let go, you chump! I won't go, I say—I can't. [*HORTON is hoisted head first into the car and the machine goes off left, crowd cheering.*]

CURTAIN.

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### ACT III.

SCENE—"The Quarters," home of the six boys.

TIME—Evening, the jubilee after the game.

[*MRS. COBB and LILY discovered at rise. MRS. COBB holding chafing dish and bag of fruit, etc., waiting impatiently for LILY to sweep things off table.*]

MRS. COBB. Hurry, Lily, I want to ask Central about the game.

LILY. Oh, I'll call up, ma'am. [*Strolls leisurely toward phone. MRS. COBB drops things and gets there first.*]

MRS. COBB. No, no; I will. Hello, hello, Central! How's the game going? What's that? A tie? Lily, did you hear that? Five to five and two minutes more to play! Oh—[*Hand on heart.*] how can I bear it?

LILY. I hope Mr. Tom will play like he used to last year.

MRS. COBB. I can just see him soaring through the air like—

LILY. Like a flying-fish.

MRS. COBB. And throwing the ball with a kind of a twist—

LILY. So it would drop right into the basket, ma'am!

MRS. COBB. Oh, it was lovely. It must be two minutes now. I'll call up again.

LILY. Not more than a minute yet, I should think.

MRS. COBB. [*At phone.*] Hello, hello, central!—central? Is this central? No, I'm not central. [*Aside.*] About five hundred people are asking the same thing. What? What did you say? Game's over? Yes, but who won? Hello; no number, I want to know how the game came out. How—[*Racket and college yells outside.* Enter DAISY, FLUFF, SUSY, CLAIRE, BRIGGS, JOSH, PERCY, ADOLPH, WALKER, PROFESSOR SMILEY.]

JOSH. [*Throwing hat in air.*] Hi! We licked 'em, Mrs. Cobb; we licked 'em!

DAISY. You bet we did—seven to five!

JOSH. Hooray for Northern! [*JOSH and DAISY right start yell, all join in; then all join hands in circle and dance round singing song, PROFESSOR SMILEY in center beating time.*]

DAISY. Oh, it was great!

MRS. COBB. [*Hand on heart.*] My poor heart will burst with joy!

ADOLPH. But the basket that won the game!

CLAIRE. Just at the last—

DAISY. Only one minute more of play!

SMILEY. He threw it—

WALKER. Tossed it—

FLUFF. Square into the basket!

MRS. COBB. [*With breathless interest.*] Who made it?

CHORUS. Tom!

SUSY. Oh, I was so scared!

CLAIRE. It was thoroughly dramatic!

PERCY. [*Politely.*] Rah, rah, rah! [*Boys mimic him and wave handkerchiefs.*]

SUSY. Mr. Horton is a real hero, isn't he?

BRIGGS. It reminded me very much of the battle of Marston Moor.

[*Enter JUNE, POLLY and JORDAN.*]

JORDAN. [*At door, throwing hat in air.*] Whoop! did we beat 'em?

CHORUS. You know it!

PERCY. I say, come in, old man—I feel a deuced draught! [*They come down center.*]

JOSH. Where's Tom?

JORDAN. With the fellows—where I'd be if I didn't have to bring the girls over! Women are such a bother.

JUNE. [*To PERCY, as she takes off her wraps.*] No—I don't feel very gay. I—I have a headache.

PERCY. [*Taking coat.*] I say, that's too bad! Feels sort of buzzy, does it? I'll get you some Bromo.

JUNE. Thank you, Percy—don't bother.

JOSH. Wasn't it a great game, June?

JUNE. [*Giving gloves to JOSH.*] Don't speak of it; it was dismal—I mean glorious.

PERCY. And aren't you proud of Tom?

JUNE. [*Aside.*] This is too much! [*To PERCY.*] Really, I'm too tired to talk. Do fuss some one else, there's a dear. Polly! [*Exit MEN and GIRLS, except JUNE, POLLY and JORDAN left.*]

POLLY. [*Comes over.*] For goodness sake, June, don't look so dismal—everybody'll notice!

JUNE. I can't help it, Polly! What shall I do? I was going to—to say “yes” to Tom, if we won the game; and now—it's all over.

POLLY. I know it's hard luck! That waitress girl ought to be—be—

JUNE. I hate her! But Fritz says he says she says—they are engaged!

POLLY. Well, I wouldn't speak to him to-night, so there! Come on over and pound something lively out of the piano. [*They go over to the piano.*]

JUNE. [*Sits at piano.*] What shall I play?

POLLY. Something real lively—rag time, two steps—anything; so people won't notice how you feel. [*JUNE plays soft dreary music; POLLY shakes head and turns away.*]

SUSY. Oh, Miss Polly, you look so sweet to-night! won't you give me one of your flowers to put in my memory book?

POLLY. Ten thousand furies! I told you when I gave

you my shoe laces you couldn't have another thing of mine for that memory book.

SUSY. [*Beginning to cry.*] You—you don't love me, I know!

POLLY. [*Aside, pats SUSY's head.*] These crushes are awful! [*To SUSY.*] There, there—don't cry. See here—you can write my paleontology paper if you'll be good. [*SUSY brightens.*] "The Octogenic versus the Philogenic history of the Pthecanthropus Erectus!" Have it in by Monday! [*Exit SUSY beaming. To FRITZ.*] Say, Fritz, isn't it most time for him to come over?

JORDAN. [*Pulls blue ticket from pocket.*] Let's see! About \$7.35 by my ticket.

POLLY. Fritz Jordan, have you gone and pawned your watch again? How many times have I told you—

JORDAN. [*Plaintively.*] You wouldn't see me starve, would you?

POLLY. Starve? You starve? You poor, poor boy—why didn't you tell me? Come right out and get something to eat.

JORDAN. [*Aside.*] This is too easy! [*To POLLY.*] What you got to eat?

POLLY. Well, I don't know. But I'm going to start the rarebit right away, and—

JORDAN. [*Hastily.*] No thanks—no. I'd better stay here! [*Enter HICKS and FLORA.*] Hello—here's our friend Hicks and the fairy from the "Pal." Come on and be hostess.

POLLY. Ugh—horrid things—I wish they'd stayed away. [*Goes up to FLORA.*] Oh, how do you do? So glad you could come! I was so afraid you'd be too tired after working all day! What a lovely gown! Has there been a sale? [*They come down center.*]

FLORA. No, there hasn't! And I'm not tired a mite. My, but you look dragged out, though! College does seem to age a girl so.

POLLY. [*Aside.*] Hateful cat!

FLORA. [*Aside.*] I'll get even with her, stuck up thing! [*HICKS and JORDAN come up.*]

HICKS. On the *square*, that was a great game! And the boys *rooted to beat the cars*! Tom Horton's a *winner*, for *fair*! [POLLY and JORDAN *speechless*.]

FLORA. [*Laughing*.] You're learning the college lingo fast, Hiram.

HICKS. You know it; it's a corking good lingo.

POLLY. College is a pretty fine place, isn't it?

HICKS. [*Patronizing*.] Oh, yes! Nice, place for boys and girls, who aren't fit to go into business!

POLLY. Why, Mr. Hicks, how can you say such a thing?

HICKS. There, there, young lady, don't get excited. Business is business, and college is society! [POLLY *turns to JORDAN and JUNE who comes up*.] Pretty good fun, just the same. [*To FLORA*.] I might be sorry for Horton leaving it if he wasn't going to get tied up to the finest lady on earth!

FLORA. [*Coyly*.] Aw, go on, Hiram. Do you think so?

HICKS. I've thought so all along.

JUNE. [*Coming over to FLORA*.] Good evening, Flora. I am awfully glad you could come.

FLORA. [*Taken aback*.] Oh, are you? I thought you wouldn't—thanks awfully! [*Aside*.] Say, she's a real lady!

JUNE. Let me introduce you to some of these people—Professor Smiley, Miss DelaMartyr, Mr. Hicks—

FLORA. [*Giggles*.] The Braino man and the Man of Brains.

HICKS. [*To JORDAN*.] Before I get into the social whirl, Jordan, I want to make the little settlement of our bet on the game.

POLLY. Sort of social settlement, isn't it?

JORDAN. [*Taking check*.] Thank you, sir! The money looks good to me. [*He goes up to crowd*.]

POLLY. Fritz, I want you to make me a promise.

JORDAN. I will, in return for the promise you made me.

POLLY. That you will never, never, make another bet.

JORDAN. I swear—

POLLY. No, don't!

JORDAN. That never will bet us part!

POLLY. Oh, Fritz, you are a poet at heart!

JORDAN. How did you guess it? [*Crowd enters left.*]

JOSH. Come on Polly or June, who's going to make the rarebit?

SUSY. Adolph ate all the cheese and we had to send Mr. Briggs for some more. [*BRIGGS appears with cheese.*]  
Isn't he just too noble? [*College yell heard in distance.*]

JUNE. It's Tom! [*She goes to extreme right. All rush to door.*]

JOSH. [*At door.*] They're carrying him home on their shoulders! There's a regular mob! [*Enter TOM disheveled.*]

DAISY. Rah for Tom! [*He is surrounded down center.*]

JOSH. Congratulations, old sport! It was ripping.

PERCY. [*Slapping him on back.*] Bah jove, I never saw such work.

JOSH. Work! It made me feel tired to watch you!

SUSY. Oh, Mr. Horton, you played just like an Angelus—I mean an Angel! [*TOM breaks away and goes over right to HICKS, POLLY, and JORDAN.*]

SUSY. [*Sighing contentedly.*] I'm so glad I've seen one real hero in my life!

HICKS. [*Shaking TOM's hand.*] I shall be proud to have you in my employ, sir.

TOM. [*Dismally.*] In your employ? Yes, I'm going to "settle down," now. [*Aside.*] Somebody find me a knot-hole to get lost in. A hero! I feel like twenty-three cents—

FRITZ. Congratulations, old man. You must be walking on air.

TOM. [*Pretends to do so.*] Oh, yes! And Polly—?

POLLY. [*Who has turned her back on him.*] I should think he'd be ashamed to come here after the way he acted this afternoon.

CLAIRE. [*Outside.*] Help, help—

JOSH. [*Running.*] What's the matter?

CLAIRE. I've tipped over the chafing dish and the rabbit is running away. [*Exeunt all in excitement, except JORDAN, POLLY, TOM, and JUNE and FLORA who hesitate at door.*]

POLLY. [*Turns to TOM.*] I don't care, I can't stay cross with you, Tom; you did play a splendid game, and we're proud of you. Fritz told me about that horrid bet, and I think it's grand that you can stay in college, so there!

TOM. Stay in college! The tall timber looks pretty good to me now. I'm thinking of turning missionary to the Zulus.

POLLY. Tom, June would never consent—she told me, you know.

TOM. Don't mention June—

POLLY. See, she's looking at you now.

TOM. [*Aside.*] And Flora's looking at me too. Of all the double breasted, California-humped, knock-kneed mix-ups this is the limit! [*Exeunt JUNE and FLORA.*]

POLLY. You're cordial, I must say! I think I've forgiven enough. [*Turns to FRITZ, exit TOM. Enter BIDDICUT center.*]

JORDAN. Golly—here's Biddy! Find me something to study, quick. [*JORDAN and POLLY hunt for book, POLLY gets the dictionary and JORDAN stands down right reading it.*]

POLLY. [*To BIDDICUT.*] Ah, how-do, Professor! So glad you could come. Yes, it was a long hard lesson—I mean game, and a good dictionary—I mean crowd! You find us all busy with our little pastimes; Mr. Jordan, as usual, deep in his books. Really, Professor—that young man will break down from over-study. Such enthusiasm for books—such a passion for the higher learning—[*BIDDICUT breaks away from her and goes over to JORDAN.*]

BIDDICUT. Mr. Jordan, Mr. Jordan. [*JORDAN turns pages of book.*] I have something of import to impart to you, Mr. Jordan.

JORDAN. [*Looking up gravely.*] Ah, Professor. Excuse me one moment; a most interesting discussion here—  
[*Turns back to book.*]

POLLY. [*Aside.*] Heavens—if he should find out it is the dictionary!

BIDDICUT. I have a slight error—very slight—to correct—

JORDAN. In the words of the sage, Professor, it is unwise to disturb the adolescent mind in its search for truth. [*Aside to POLLY.*] For Jove's sake, call him off, Polly—I'm getting cramps in the brain!

BIDDICUT. [*Turning to POLLY in desperation.*] I cannot understand what this young man says. Perhaps you will listen, Miss Polly.

POLLY. [*Making face.*] With pleasure, Professor.

BIDDICUT. I have been acting under a misapprehension in telling our plain-spoken, earnest young friend here that he was behind in his work. A mere mistake in cognomens—Horton-Jordan, Jordan-Horton.

POLLY. [*Breathlessly.*] Yes?

BIDDICUT. And Mr. Jordan is quite up in his work—in fact during the past few days, he has done excellent work.

POLLY. *Glory.* [JORDAN drops book and dances on it, waving arms. Enter HICKS, left.]

POLLY. And Mr. Horton—what about him?

BIDDICUT. Upon further consideration, I have decided also to pass Mr. Horton—all previous advice to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Horton plays excellent basketball!

JORDAN. Bully for Tom! [POLLY goes over to JORDAN and they hold hands and dance up stage and off, left.]

HICKS. [*Coming down.*] What, what?

BIDDICUT. Ah, Mr. Hicks! I find I have made an error. I have been working Mr. Jordan, not Mr. Horton, as you said. I have explained the error to Mr. Jordan, however, and——

HICKS. Well, well, well, well. I thought you wasn't much to be depended on, Biddy.

BIDDICUT. And I shall consider our late compact closed—I have no wish to flunk Mr. Horton.

HICKS. Well, well, well, well,—

BIDDICUT. Now, if you will excuse me, I shall go. There is a most interesting discussion this evening in the faculty meeting. I bid you good evening, sir. [*Exit BIDDICUT, enter FLORA.*]

HICKS. Well, of all the dum idiots!

FLORA. Needn't be so blue about it.

HICKS. I've reasons enough! A deaf old Professor makes trouble for the wrong fellow; plan No. 1 gone to the dogs

FLORA. Yes, but—

HICKS. Then my bet with his room-mate. Game won; bet lost, Horton's money matters in fine shape; plan number 2 fizzles out.

FLORA. Yes—but the one about me and Mr. Horton—Tom. Why, ain't that working all right?

HICKS. [*Looking at her narrowly.*] We must give that up too.

FLORA. Give it up? [*Angrily.*] Then you lose Mr. Tom.

HICKS. Yes, but we must give it up just the same. I can't let you marry Horton because, Flora, I want you to marry me.

FLORA. Oh! How sudden you are, Mr. Hicks.

HICKS. I'll put it plain, Flora. Drop this student and marry me.

FLORA. Give me time to think.

HICKS. No, Flora, tell me now. I must know.

FLORA. Well, I—I might—think about it.

HICKS. No, don't think about it; business is business. Tell me now.

FLORA. Why, then—you stupid, I—I will! [*Suddenly.*] But what about Mr. Tom?

HICKS. Never mind him.

FLORA. But—I'm engaged to him.

HICKS. Jilt him.

FLORA. Poor boy! What if he won't let me off?

HICKS. Then I'll see him. He's only a student—and [*feeling muscle*] "Braino builds brawn."

FLORA. No—I'll see him. I'll try to break it to him gently, but I'm afraid it will hurt him dreadfully. [*Enter TOM left, and goes eagerly toward FLORA.*]

HICKS. This means me to the salad! [*Exit HICKS.*]

FLORA. [*Aside.*] I must do it.

TOM. [*Aside.*] Horton, don't lose your nerve now.

FLORA. Mr. Horton—

TOM. I was looking—[*Both pause—both stiffen.*]

FLORA. I have something important to say to you.

TOM. So have I. It's all a mistake, Flora. I've been thinking, and—

FLORA. It's only fair to tell you—

TOM. [*Staring.*] No, for me to tell you that we—that I—

FLORA. No, for me to tell you that—I am—

TOM. I feel that I must tell you that you misunderstood—in the last few minutes I've decided to tell—

FLORA. I must tell you, Mr. Horton, I made up my mind several minutes ago—I'm sorry if it hurts you, but—

TOM. [*Impatiently.*] Half an hour ago, I looked for you to tell you that it was all a mistake, that affair this morning—

FLORA. I don't know what you're talking about, but I'm sorry if—

TOM. This morning I didn't mean—

FLORA. [*Dismayed squeal.*] You didn't! It was me! Two hours ago I was going to break it off! [*Very fast.*] I can't marry you and it's all off for good.

TOM. [*Whistles.*] W—What.

FLORA. I can't and I won't—I don't care what you say. I am the future Mrs. Hiram Hicks, wife of the millionaire Braino Man!

TOM. [*Aside.*] Whow! Talking about having roses thrown at you! [*To FLORA.*] Flora, I was just hunting you up to explain the mistake and see if you wouldn't let me off.

FLORA. Certainly, I forgive you.

TOM. [*Eagerly.*] Then it's all broken off?

FLORA. I must do it!

TOM. Flora, you're a brick! *You're a priceless jewel!*  
[*Exeunt both, mutually grateful left. Enter JUNE with BRIGGS.*]

BRIGGS. I feel a most peculiar sensation in the region of my solar plexus; Miss Susy has said she will attend the Prom with me!

JUNE. You're really going? Well, I'm glad.

BRIGGS. [*Solemnly.*] So am I! But Miss June—the expenditure necessitated by such dissipation must be very large, is it not? It must be as much as ten dollars, I should say!

JUNE. [*Aside*] and Tom paid twelve for the beauties I carried last year! [*To BRIGGS.*] Well—almost ten—Mr. Briggs, I should say.

BRIGGS. I have composed a letter asking my father for the necessary money. It is quite a masterpiece, I assure you. [*Takes out letter.*] I conclude as follows—[*Reading.*] “It grieves me very much, my dear father, to ask for this money. So much so, in fact, that after I had mailed the letter I went out and endeavored to get it back from the postman; but in vain. Your dutiful son, Bastian.” Excuse me, I'll go and mail it. [*Exit BRIGGS. JUNE looks after him perplexed, laughs and starts after him, enter SUSY, left.*]

SUSY. O, Miss June! The grandest thing has happened! Guess what?

JUNE. Susy,—How exciting! It can't be that you're going to the Prom?

SUSY. How did you ever guess? Isn't it lovely? And with the grandest man—Mr. Briggs!

JUNE. Lucky Susy! How we'll all envy you!

SUSY. So I've just written a note to Aunt Susan for some money to buy a new dress.

JUNE. Of course. One's first Prom is so important.

SUSY. But Aunt Susan doesn't believe much in parties—she's dreadfully strict you know! So I just asked her for

ten dollars to buy the necessary apparatus for an important experiment in Sociology!

JUNE. Oh, clever, naughty little freshman!

SUSY. You're not shocked?

JUNE. Not now—but I might be if I thought it over. Better run out and mail it right away.

SUSY. Oh, I'm scared to.

JUNE. Mr. Briggs just went down to the corner to mail a letter.

SUSY. Did he? Well—perhaps I'd better. [*Exit SUSY.*]

JUNE. [*Looking after her.*] How these children do grow up! [*Coming to front.*] It makes me think of my last Prom, with Tom! Oh dear, oh dear; things feel so queer now. [*Looks toward door, left, where daughter and voices are heard.*] I suppose he's out there now making love to—to Flora! [*Goes to fireplace—sits in chair. Enter TOM and POLLY.*]

TOM. Polly, do you suppose she'll ever forgive me?

POLLY. Well—I wouldn't—but June may.

TOM. Hicks was back of the whole thing, I'm sure! I've broken with Flora. It wasn't my fault, but I haven't the face to tell her so.

POLLY. Don't be a afraid-cat, Tom Horton. You got into the mess and now you can get yourself out. I have enough to do looking after Fritz—men are such a nuisance! [*Exit POLLY.*]

TOM. [*Aside.*] Honest, I feel rotten! [*Sees JUNE.*] Golly—there she is now. [*Goes over.*] June! [*JUNE starts and wipes eyes.*] June, won't you speak to me?

JUNE. Mr. Horton! I didn't think you'd be able to tear yourself away from that admiring mob.

TOM. I've been looking for you everywhere!

JUNE. I must have been asleep!

TOM. [*Goes close to her.*] No—You've been crying! June—was it about me?

JUNE. You've no right to ask, Mr. Horton.

TOM. Don't say that! I *have* a right, June—I care so much! June, you must listen—it was all a mistake—I

did not mean to ask Flora—to—to— She—she just grabbed me!

VOICES. [*Outside.*] Extree, Extree; Daily Shriek.

JUNE. I saw you.

TOM. Honest, I couldn't get away. Hicks put her up to it to get me to stop school. I'm such an easy mark. [JORDAN enters and goes out center door.]

JUNE. Yes—you are.

TOM. But, June—won't you take me back?

JUNE. I oughtn't to!

TOM. Aw come on—just this once!

JUNE. How can I help it—[*Re-enter JORDAN.*]

JORDAN. Whoopee. Here's the extra out already. [*The rest of the company enters and stands about him. JORDAN reads.*] “Northern University Champions of the Country.” [*Cheer.*] “Play opponents to a standstill on basket-ball arena.” [*Cheers.*] “Final score—Northern, 7; Wishagain, 5.” [*Cheers.*] “Tom Horton who takes the ineligible Jordan's place, turns the tide of defeat into a blazing flood of victory!” [*Cheers in which FRITZ joins, waving the paper. He finds his place again, whistles.*]

POLLY. What is it, Fritz?

JORDAN. [*Reads.*] It will be with mingled regret and congratulations that Northern students will learn that Tom Horton, the hero of to-night's basket-ball game, will leave school next week to accept a position as advertising manager for the Braino Breakfast Food Company.” [*Sighs and groans from crowd.*]

JUNE. Tom, you didn't tell me.

ADOLPH. Think of going to work.

POLLY. It's funny, Tom Horton, you couldn't have told your best friends, so there. [TOM tries to speak.]

JORDAN. That's so, old man, why did you keep so everlastingly mum about it. [*In disgust.*] Braino!

JOSH. I say, damn Braino!

HICKS. [*Steps forward.*] Look here, ladies and gentlemen, Tom Horton was born to write Braino ads. [*Bows to TOM.*]

TOM. [*Bowing.*] "If you have a pain,  
Or if you have a brain  
Eat Braino."

HICKS. You see? I thought I would get Tom willy-nilly. Never mind my plans. Charlie Padlet pressed me for news; the Daily Shriek did the rest. But I have changed my mind. Tom Horton will stay in college until he becomes a Bachelor of Arts. [*Cheer from crowd.*]

JUNE. O, Tom.

HICKS. [*With a glance at JUNE.*] Though I hardly think he was cut out to be a Bachelor. As for me, I am otherwise engaged. [*Goes to FLORA's side.*]

TOM.

For it's never to late to yearn,  
As the sage must find later or soon.  
Hicks'll root for Northern with Flora.  
And I will eat Braino with June.

[FLORA with HICKS, JUNE and TOM. *The others gathered in a semi-circle on each side.*]

CURTAIN.

# Won Back

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### SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS

#### ACT I—Drawing-room, Arlington, Washington—1860

"Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed;  
Time rules us all: and life indeed is not  
The thing we planned it out, ere hope was dead,  
And then, we women cannot choose our lot."

In fetters—The rivals—North and South—The coy widow—A noted duelist—An old affection—The dismissal—The rivals meet—"You shall answer for this"—Farewell.

#### ACT II—Same Scene—1860

"Who might have been—Ah, what, I dare not think!  
We are all changed. God judges for the best.  
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,  
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest."

Broken ties—A Vassar girl's idea of matrimony—A Washington savage—Schooling a lover—Affairs of honor—The Northern fire-eater—The missing challenge—Betrothed.

#### ACT III—Drawing-room in New York Hotel—1861

"With bayonets slanted in the glittering light  
With solemn roll of drums,  
With starlit banners rustling wings of night,  
The knightly concourse comes."

To arms! To arms!—Stand by the flag—A woman's duty—A skirmish in the parlor—On to Richmond—Reunited—The passing regiment.

#### ACT IV—Confederate Camp at Winchester 1864

"No more shall the war cry sever, or the winding river be red;  
They banish our anger forever, when they laurel the graves of our dead."

A cowards' armor—A hand to hand struggle—Hugh captured—Sentenced to be shot—A ministering angel—Harold King's revenge—The attack on the camp—Death of King—After the battle—Won back.

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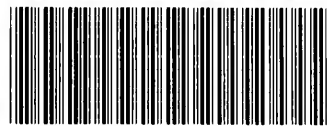
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